

# MEASURE



Christmas  
1942

# MEASURE



CHRISTMAS

1942

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE

COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA

# MEASURE

(All-Catholic Rating, 1941-1942)

## EDITOR

Francis L. Kinney '43

## ASSOCIATE EDITORS

G. Richard Schreiber '43

Ralph C. Bushell '43

## ASSISTANT EDITORS

John L. Goetz '45

John B. Terveer '45

Clifford A. Riede '45

Thomas J. Joyce '44

Leonard J. Herriges '44

## FACULTY ADVISORS

Rev. Paul F. Speckbaugh, C.P.P.S.

Rev. Sylvester H. Ley, C.P.P.S.

---

---

Volume VI

Christmas, 1942

Number 1

---

---

## CONTENTS

Cover Photography	THE REV. JOHN W. BAECHLE, C.P.P.S.	
Footlights Through The Years	FRANCIS L. KINNEY '43	3
The Doctor Is In	JAMES W. CHANNELL '45	9
All Swords Are Not Of Steel	JOHN L. GOETZ '45	12
Older Days ( <i>Poem</i> )	G. RICHARD SCHREIBER '43	16
Latest Fashions In Foods	JOHN B. TERVEER '45	17
Small Town . . . Uptown	JOHN L. GOETZ '45	21
The Heart Is Mute ( <i>Translation of Poem</i> )	FRANZ WERFEL	25
Look To The Hills	G. RICHARD SCHREIBER '43	26
Snow Storm	RALPH C. BUSHELL '43	33
Editorials:		
A Lost Cause	FRANCIS L. KINNEY '43	37
Yankee Doodle Dandy	G. RICHARD SCHREIBER '43	39
Father Meinrad—A Legend	FRANCIS L. KINNEY '43	40
Book Reviews:		
<i>Reveille In Washington</i>	ROBERT W. SCHULTHEIS '43	41
<i>Seventeenth Summer</i>	CYRIL F. WENDELN '44	42
<i>Faith, The Root</i>	WILLIAM M. KEOGH '44	43
<i>Defense Will Not Win The War</i>	JOHN D. McCABE '45	44
<i>Dark Symphony</i>	JOSEPH M. CONDICH '44	45
Exchanges	JOHN L. GOETZ '45	46
Critical Notes	THE REV. P. F. SPECKBAUGH, C.P.P.S.	48

# Footlights Through The Years

FRANCIS L. KINNEY

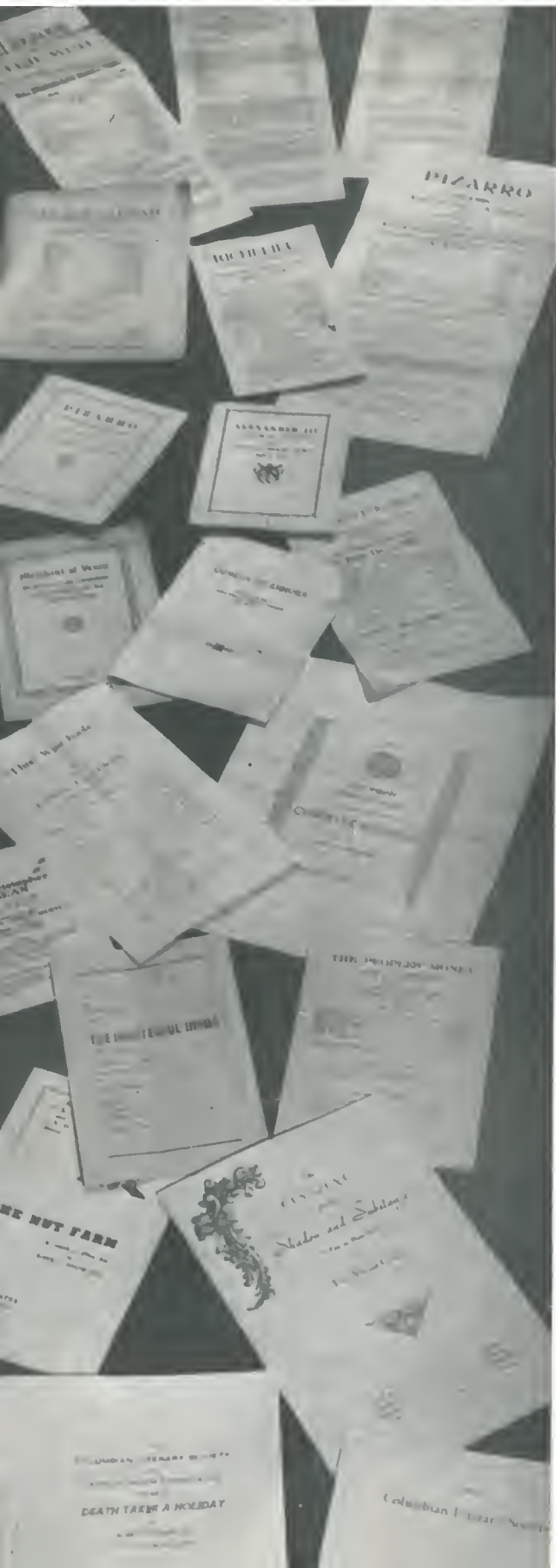
*The story of American Theatre is not complete without a reference to the part played by college dramatics. The contribution which this history makes has validity because it is a compound of Christian humility, sincerity, and youthful zeal and ambition. May the Columbian Literary Society continue through long and happy years.*

Speaking with typical Puritanical sternness, Timothy Dwight, president of Yale University 1775-1817, expressed his opinion on drama in the college group. "To indulge a taste for playgoing," he said, "means nothing more nor less than the loss of that most valuable treasure, the immortal soul." By way of contrast it is interesting to note that Yale University today has more money invested in drama than the whole plant was worth in Dwight's day. Generally speaking, the same is true for all college drama, for the Puritan spirit disappeared at the beginning of the twentieth century. Harvard University was the first to give drama its proper niche in the college group. It was quickly followed by Carnegie Tech, Yale, University of Iowa, and Northwestern. But the genesis of the College Dramatic Society lies in the amateur spirit and in amateur groups such as that which will be treated here.

This history of the Columbian Literary Society does not pretend to be a chronicle of fifty years. Rather, upon considering the work done by the Society, it must present the record of an organ which has grown and developed. It must offer a panoramic view that will permit examination of the whole as well as the parts. Only in the light of such an examination can a true evaluation be made of the work done by the organization.

Just one year after St. Joseph's College was opened, the Columbian Literary Society was founded. Its name *Columbian* was derived from the fact that the year 1892 marked the four-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus. The *Literary* part of the name is typical of that period when drama was but one of the diversified objectives of the club. For example, the C. L. S. maintained a library and publication for almost twenty-five years, apart from the work required in the production of plays.

Mr. Thomas M. Conroy and Mr. John F. Cogan were appointed to draw up the first constitution. The stated purpose of the Society was "the advancement of the spiritual, mental, and temporal welfare of its members." Twelve students were designated as charter members: Thomas M. Conroy, Frank H. Dirksen, John F. Cogan, William D. Sullivan,



Edward J. Mungovan, Edward R. Betz, James B. McKendry, John. J. Woulfe, James B. Fitzpatrick, Henry F. Droesch, Leo J. Gross, and Edward Gilmartin. Father Benedict Boebner, C.P.P. S., was appointed by the faculty to serve as the first Reverend Moderator. Records show that the first literary program, consisting of several recitations and music, was presented October 22, 1892, on the front steps of the college.

During the second semester of the first year Father Boebner donated a shelf in his room as a beginning of the C.L.E. library. This library was continually enlarged during the passing years till 1916 when the books were donated to the Main Library of the College. In 1895 likewise, the *St. Joseph's Collegian* was founded by the C.L.S. and served as the official organ of the Society.

Amateur acting clubs at colleges are usually just a little more negligible than amateur acting clubs in churches and other organizations. Undergraduate school organizations can boast of very few players of any maturity. Their members play together too seldom and over too short a period of time to build up any effective ensemble. Worse still, organizations such as the Columbian Literary Society had to use men to attempt the parts of women. All in all, amateur dramatics in the colleges deserves no attention whatever unless they are linked



with the study of the theater or devoted to a very exceptional program of plays.

Because it has fulfilled the latter condition the C.L.S. deserves credit for the plays presented in its early history. Even as early as 1896, Shakespeare's *The Merchant of Venice* was produced and was followed in 1897 by *Julius Caesar*. Great success attended these performances. However, when the Society attempted Bulwer-Lytton's great drama *Richelieu* the following year, critics were less kind. "*Richelieu* is a composition too high for the Society's ability," they said. Other noteworthy plays of the early years are *Pizarro* in 1901, *King Saul* in 1903, and *Richard III* in 1905. The play *Thomas a Beckett* by Tennyson, given at Commencement in 1906, raised the C.L.S. prestige to a new high. A local critic wrote: "The play *Thomas a Beckett* was rendered at the College Auditorium last night to a very large audience, by the College students (C.L.S.) and with an excellence and perfection of stage setting that was almost marvelous. Even with the high expectation raised by former great successes in the production of classic plays, so enthusiastic were some of the auditors that they proclaimed the production the finest theatrical performance ever seen here."—(*Rensselaer Republican*, June 19, 1906.)

It is significant to note that these early Columbians were interested in more than the theater. The practice of Parliamentary Law was always to the fore. As a matter of fact, a lawyer from Rensselaer offered his services as a teacher of Parliamentary Law. This lawyer, Mr. Edward P. Honan, also assisted the Society in formulating a constitution in accordance with Parliamentary procedure. To incorporate the changes brought about by the rapidly growing Society, it was necessary to change the constitution five times. A more recent revision occurred in 1938. Despite the frequent revisions, the original skeleton of the constitution remains as a cardinal principle of the Society.

To speak of the C.L.S. and not mention Father Ildephonse Rapp in the same breath is nothing short of criminal. At least, it would be a tremendous oversight to neglect the person who guided the Society from benighted greenness to full maturity. The C.L.S. and Father Rapp meant oratory primarily. The rest of the theater crowded itself in. To the early moderators, Father Boebner, Father Walz, Father Hamburger and Father Weyman, the Society owes its successful beginning, but to Father Rapp the C.L.S. owes its very traditions. He came to St. Joseph's and to the Society in the fall of 1906 with an intimate knowledge of his protege. Having served two terms as president during his student days, Father Rapp was prepared to use the material at hand in a most productive way.

Qualifications for membership were high and actual participation in a public program was a rare distinction. Since Father Rapp had practically every member of the Society in one of his expression classes, the ability of the actor was proved long before he was cast in a play. Under Father Rapp's direction the C.L.S. became a powerhouse of literary ac-

tivity on the campus. Besides the pretentious public productions there were private programs, consisting of debates, readings, monologues, one-act plays, and recitations which formed an integral part of each meeting. It was under Father Rapp that the C.L.S. took on the aristocratic character that prevails today in its meetings.

To attempt by mere words to characterize the work done by Father Rapp would be resorting to general terms that are all too inadequate. The spirit of his work is best exemplified by a letter written to the Society after he had departed from the College in 1934. "Too closely has the C.L.S. entwined itself about my heart, too many hours of strenuous labor have I devoted to its cause, too often have I shared in its triumphs that I should ever grow indifferent to its continued progress. Membership in the C.L.S. I have always considered a privilege; any office therein a distinct honor. Gentlemen, make the best of the opportunities now before you; hold the C.L.S. banner high; on, on, ever onward to finer and better things."

Father Eugene Luckey succeeded Father Rapp in 1934. He was followed in 1938 by Father Robert Koch. The present moderator, Father Paul Speckbaugh, has guided the Society since the fall of 1940.

Production facilities of the Society have grown simultaneously with the College. The first theater of the C.L.S. was by no means the pretentious auditorium the thespians enjoy today. At the very outset meetings and programs were always held in classrooms. In fact, the auditorium is not even mentioned until 1894. It was a rather makeshift affair, being a large hall with a slightly elevated platform at one end. The hall, now the Academy dormitory, was the first real home of the Society and remained its headquarters until the Gymnasium building was completed in 1906.

The Gymnasium, though providing greater possibilities than the old hall, still in many respects was inadequate and inconvenient. Since the auditorium was also used for basketball and other athletic events, folding chairs had to be used. Therefore, each production occasioned the setting up of these chairs and their consequent removal. Stage facilities were good except for a huge rolling door at the back of the stage which invariably was detached from its fastenings and threatened to crash down upon the stage settings. This building, however, was destroyed by fire in the spring of 1914.

The new auditorium, which is called Alumni Theater, was erected in 1915 and remains the home of the C.L.S. at the present time. This auditorium and stage provide the Society with every convenience for presenting fine work, technically and artistically. The seating capacity of the auditorium, which comprises a main floor and balcony, is 720. A stage measuring 25' by 34' is well equipped with settings and curtains. Twenty feet of fly space above the stage provides ample space for storing scenery not in use. On each side of the stage there is a room outfitted for

dressing and makeup. Immediately behind the stage on the third floor of the building is a room for storing stage props and for working purposes. Other improvements have increased the convenience and beauty of the Alumni Theater. With Father Luckey as moderator the attractive red velour draw curtains were purchased. Father Robert Koch is responsible for securing the book-ceiling and additional spotlights. The latter have added much to technique. Recently, the windows of the theater were hung with red velour drapes to match the stage draw curtain. More spotlights have been added in the balcony to create novel lighting effects.

Before discussing the later productions of the Society we must make mention of a period which might be called a period of transition. During this time, lasting from the early twenties to 1937, the C.L.S. departed from Shakespeare and directed its efforts to historical plays and comedies. Predominating are the comedies, of which there are fifty-seven out of the eighty-one plays presented. Such plays as *Now Adolph*, *A Pair of Sixes* and *Believe Me, Xantippe* are typical of the comedies presented. All were presented with a finesse that pointed to definite talent in the actors themselves and to good directorship.

Edmund Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac* was produced in 1937 to bring the Society to a new era. The same year *The Queen's Husband* by Robert Sherwood was given with a male cast. This play was revived on the Alumni stage by Father Speckbaugh in 1940 with a mixed cast. Philip Barry's *You and I* came in 1938 as the first in a series of great modern plays.

With the *Nut Farm* by John C. Bronnell in 1939 women were brought to the Alumni Theater stage for the first time. Until this time the problem of producing plays with casts of one sex was indeed serious. This innovation by Father Robert Koch was brought about through the cooperation of the Rensselaer Catholic Youth Organization. The local young ladies have helped to make possible that success which the C.L.S. now enjoys.

The first production for the year 1939-40 was a play by Paul Vincent Carroll, *Shadow and Substance*. This midwestern premiere was directed by Father Robert Koch. David Jones as the Canon and Mary Fischer as Bridget set a pace for acting on the Alumni stage that has been difficult to equal. Father Speckbaugh revived *The Queen's Husband* in 1940. *Death Takes a Holiday* was the second offering for 1940.

Fall of 1941 brought to the Alumni Theater the modern comedy, *You Can't Take It With You*. The season well under way, the Society now took up what must be regarded as the greatest single production since its inception, at least from a technical viewpoint. This was *Richard of Bordeaux*, a historical play by Gordon Daviot. Ralph Parker played Richard with Avalyn Lane as his Queen Anne.

Then in celebration of its fiftieth anniversary the Society presented



*Mary of Scotland* in October of this year. It is plays such as this that promise a brilliant future for the C.L.S.

In recent years the trend of the Society's activities has been away from diversified literary accomplishments to a more definite study of the theater. More specifically, the Columbian Literary Society has become conscious of its position in the Catholic Theater. Studies of College Theater work in the United States have been accomplished by means of questionnaires. Experimentation in new drama has blossomed forth in the work on translations of the plays of the Spanish writer Peman and the plays of Stanislaus Wyspianski. Within the last two years the Society has sponsored a drama clinic for the C.Y.O. groups of the Diocese of Fort Wayne, has offered the use of its convenient theater for the C.Y.O. play contests, and has cooperated with other dramatic organizations in producing plays.

In short, the C.L.S. has aided throughout its existence the development of the literary and histrionic powers of its members and drilled them in the practice of Parliamentary Law, besides working a marked effect in the building of their growing characters. From the very beginning the purpose of the Society has been to guide both its members and the student body in general on the way to cultural growth. That this ideal should result in some form of creative activity is not at all surprising, for it is founded upon the fundamental desire of all men to express themselves. The answer to this craving in the field of dramatics is the specific goal of the Columbian Literary Society.

The action carried on in the theater works to a twofold end: that of providing an outlet for creative acting and designing, and that of instilling in the student audience true appreciation of the beautiful. From this flows a closer knowledge of drama as literature and of acting as an art. To this, one must add the higher goal of experimentation in new drama, particularly in the Catholic field. It is the hope of the Society that it may take its place in the making of a Catholic Theater.

# The Doctor Is In

JAMES CHANNELL

*There are those mimickers of Time who might write a flashy, thought-twisting description of this short tale, but the simplest remark is the most satisfactory: revenge is a queer thing; it tries to grow on love.*

As John Taylor entered the office shared by Doctor Thompson and Doctor Mudd, he felt the bulge in his overcoat pocket and set his teeth. He would wait his turn, and then—but he owed all this to Peg and their child. This Doctor Thompson could have saved both of them if he had tried. Even though his practice was general, was he not known as the most expert obstetrician in the state? Had he not saved the lives of babies and mothers who were much worse off than Peg was? Yes, he had and he could have saved Mrs. Taylor. "Mrs. Taylor"—how she had liked that—and this was to be their first child. What else could a fellow like this Thompson deserve?

The doctor's secretary asked John to sit down; the doctor was quite busy. Accustomed to the office, John Taylor showed little sign of anxiety as he set himself down and picked up a magazine. Why should he be nervous? Thompson wasn't much upset when he killed Peg.

The thought of his wife's death distracted John from his reading. His sick mind kept reverting to the days between their marriage and her death. Their wedding, a happy celebration even though it rained, took place on Saturday, May 27th. Peg died on Sunday, June 24th, the following year. That one year had been a joyful one. The next would have been complete if it had not been for Doctor Thompson. But this doctor would never murder another man's wife. For twenty minutes Peg's memory haunted her husband's brain before it was interrupted.

For a minute John saw Peg before him in the room. A young girl was at the secretary's desk.

"Do you think I could see the doctor immediately?" she asked. "You see my little boy is sick, and I would like to get him home as soon as possible."

"Her little boy," thought the man. "Peg never had a little boy."

Looking up the secretary explained that Mr. Taylor was ahead of the young lady, but she was sure that he would wait.

"Could I please go in next," the girl was very imploring.

"Uh, Oh yes, yes, certainly." John pretended to be surprised.

She sat in a chair next to John.

John wanted to talk to the young lady, but why should he; they had nothing in common. But at last he had to.

"What do you think of Doctor Thompson?" he asked her.

Although seeming glad to be able to speak of the physician, she hesitated as she answered him, "Why, I think him one of the best doctors in the country. He has been our doctor for many years. He assisted my husband in his last sickness." Then, "Why, he's part of everything to us."

Wondering why he ever mentioned the medical man and not pleased at the woman's compliments, John was ready to forget the subject, but she was not.

"Doctor Thompson," she continued, "has been around whenever any of our family needed him. Many times have I seen him get out of bed when he himself was very sick to come to my father. I hope we never forget him."

"But don't you think," he objected, "that all men appear good to some and evil to others?" He hurried on, "Perhaps Thompson did do a lot for you but that wouldn't overshadow his wrongdoings."

The last sounded almost like a question.

John never received his answer. The girl arose at a signal from the nurse to go into the doctor's office.

Alone, John wondered why he had argued with the young lady. Her convictions did not matter to him. He knew what kind of a brute this doctor was.

"But still, what's the matter. I know why I'm here, and now is no time to falter. But then, killing this man would bring a lot of suffering to the world. A lot of people must rely on him like that girl—I won't forget Peg—I wonder if he has a family."

On and on, John fought with himself, scratching his head, biting his fingernails, getting nowhere. Scenes came and went in his head like the outside run of a spinning top. He saw himself before he was married to Peg. He beheld the year of happiness with Peg. Why he was no murderer. What was he doing with a gun in his coat pocket? He was no murderer, but Peg was demanding that he become one. Would she really demand such a thing? Could such a sweet young mother—he killed her! Oh, there is no reasoning about a thing like this. For weeks there had been no reasoning with John. Only a dull emptiness, until Peg had demanded that Doctor Thompson die. John was not mad then, but he could have been.

Again John, who continually became more nervous, was interrupted in his thoughts as a feeble but stately dowager strolled into the room.

After acknowledging, with a wink, the greeting of the secretary, the old lady quite unconcernedly seated herself beside John.

Immediately she asked of John which doctor he was waiting to see.

"Oh, Doctor Thompson? And what do you think of the doctor?" she asked the prospective murderer.

"Surely she does not know."

"Oh," he answered, "I guess he's all right."

She wondered why he fidgeted. He could not understand why she looked at him so. There was something about this old woman.

Eagerly the woman proclaimed, "I know him quite well; he's the young brother of my best friend."

Now why did the young fellow turn red and look at the picture in his wallet?

Immediately she continued, "Let me tell you about Jim. All his life he wanted to be a doctor. Always he wanted to help people. At last, with much effort, he finished medical school and started to practice. While he was still plugging, he married the sweetest girl."

Again the young man looked queer.

"They were very happy and she certainly was a help. While he was taking a special course in obstetrics, she worked in an office to support herself. It was while he was in school that she gave birth to their child. It killed her."

John looked almost mad as he demanded, "You mean *his* wife died in childbirth?"

She must have guessed what was wrong for she was not in the least disturbed.

"Yes, my boy, and he swore then that never would any mother die if he could do anything about it."

"My God!" John lost all count of time until the nurse announced his turn to go in. Shaking like a wind-blown candle flame, he rose and entered the office.

"Must be alcoholics," suggested the nurse.

The old woman simply looked up and said, "I don't think so."



# All Swords Are Not Of Steel

JOHN GOETZ

*If you should wish to bring your knowledge of Catholic Action up to the moment (as who, who is full-blooded, would not), then this item is truly a contribution. Mr. Goetz has studied the Sword of the Spirit and realizes its importance in a war-cracked world. His words are telling because his grasp is firm.*

A great many years ago, not long after Christianity's dawn, a stately, bearded man, fired with inspiration, and with a belief stronger than life, sat in a Roman prison writing a letter of encouragement to some citizens of the Greek city of Ephesus, who shared in his beliefs. Cognizant of his impending death at the hands of Nero, he warned his followers that as protection from the sea of hatred and fury which was even then engulfing them, they should "take unto themselves the helmet of salvation and buckle on the sword of the spirit, which is the word of God." The man's name was Paul; and it was his undying belief in the rightness of the Christian religion and the Christian social order which led him unflinchingly through shipwreck and hunger, torture and chains, in order to spread this belief to the very frontiers of the then known world.

Nineteen centuries later, on the embattled little island of Britain, in the dark fearful days just after the tragedy of Dunkirk, when the nights were bright as noondays with the glare of burning cities, and the forces of barbarism stood poised only twenty miles across the sea, others read the words of the Apostle Paul, and thoughtfully applied them to the present day. Whether or not they believed essentially in the creed taught by him, they realized only too well the inevitable fact that unless they were protected by the "breastplate of justice," and unless their "loins were girt with truth," the force of their arms, however mighty, would be of no avail, because they would lack a definite goal to be reached by all the bloodshed and fiendish cruelty of modern war. They saw projected on the background of those times, when they fought the desperate fight alone, surrounded by their enemies, the unchangeable truth that a return to the Christian social order and to the observance of the natural law, was the only insurance of ultimate victory in a battle which had pitted them against forces which were essentially evil.

Then they turned to the refugees—the French, the Poles, and the Czechs who had been driven bodily from their homes, and had sought a dubious refuge in England. Too late these men had seen their governments crumble, riddled with corruption, while many of their military leaders, lacking moral decisiveness, urged their armies into blind retreat.

Now, in exile, they had entered into a mass mental and spiritual cleansing, designed to cause a return from the materialism prevailing among their ranks, to a Christian outlook on the problems and dangers of the day, and the serious difficulties to come in the ensuing years. This movement was a tremendous success.

From out of the chaos there emerged in those days a dominant figure, Arthur Cardinal Hinsley, Archbishop of Westminster. This tall, frail man, his body weakened by illness and age, but his mind active in the most brilliant circles of modern life and culture, issued an appeal to all the people of his country, regardless of their religious affiliations, or lack of them, to join in the spiritual and mental renovation necessary for a return to a social order compatible with the natural and divine laws. They knew only confusion and doubt; he offered them assurance and the self-confidence of those who know they are right. They knew only political mistrust, and questioned each public policy; he offered them a goal to be reached and a high aim to be accomplished by the successful execution of the war effort, namely, the establishment of a peace based upon charity and justice among nations, and not upon greed and political intrigue, as was the notorious document signed at Versailles.

Almost at once, a huge cross-section of the English people rose to meet the invitation of the Cardinal. Men and women from all walks of life conducted huge mass meetings which testified to their realization of the necessity of such a movement. Leaders of the Catholic and Protestant faiths, under the direction of the Cardinal, formed the central committee, and from the words of Saint Paul, named their movement the *Sword of the Spirit*. Copies of their constitution and aims were sent to the heads of all the allied governments, while through the medium of the radio, appeals were made to those men in the Axis nations, and in those nations overrun by the Axis, who are still capable of being swayed by the principles of Christianity, to keep alive, even in secret, the things for which the movement strives.

As officially defined by its leaders, the aims of the movement are three-fold. In the first place, it is intended to clarify the opinion of Christian peoples upon the issues of the day, and the postwar problems to come. Not intended to be a news agency, it rather interprets the pressing worldwide issues in the light of Christian teaching for the benefit of its members.

Secondly, it is the intention of the movement to initiate a program of prayer, study, and action for the purpose of restoring a Christian basis in public and private life, and a return to the principles of international order and freedom.

Finally, the movement is aimed to spread among men the knowledge of the fundamental principles of the Christian inheritance, culture, and social order. The *Sword of the Spirit* does not intend to create for the world a new and revolutionary social order, either now or in the post war

years; but rather to train the minds of the world's citizens so that they may have a clearer and more definite idea of that end toward which we fight, so that they may better create for themselves the new social order which is inevitable after the termination of this conflict.

What have we in this country to do with such a movement? Apparently very little as yet. It is untrue that we have not been approached concerning the matter of joining forces with the members of the organization in other allied countries. In a joint statement, obviously aimed at Americans, by Cardinal Hinsley and the Anglican Archbishop of Canterbury, co-chairman of the movement, we find the significant remarks:

"A compelling obligation rests with all Christian peoples to maintain in this crisis our sacred traditions, and to act together to the utmost extent of our combined forces to secure the effective influence of Christian teaching in the handling of civil, social, and economic problems, both now and in the critical post war period . . . . We have a unique opportunity through the Sword of the Spirit movement to form a solid international force for the restoration and maintenance of world peace, through a general knowledge of right principles, and in a united spirit of justice and charity."

Is it possible that we can afford to take no heed of such an invitation here in our smug self-satisfaction? Not long hence, our smugness may be shattered quite rudely, as the smugness of so many other races and nations has been destroyed overnight. The doctrines and practices which our enemies would force upon us if they emerged victorious are the very paragon of all that is evil in social and civil life. If we are not diametrically opposed to the principles of our enemy, we only aid him, and at best provide weak opposition. Surely the Sword of the Spirit movement is radically opposed to the Oriental barbarism and the stolid brutality of those we fight against.

And what of us in the American colleges and universities? We are especially fitted, it seems, to participate in at least one, preferably all of the movement's three divisions of study, action and prayer. In the first place, most of our studies during this time are directed toward one end—our more effective participation in the war effort. If we drop the attitude of indifference assumed by so many of us, and make a sincere attempt to gain the right viewpoint on the serious questions which arise almost daily, we shall be able to contribute in a large measure toward the development of a national sense of Christian justice in man's dealings with man. This development of a "national and international conscience" is one of the most substantial benefits to be gained from the Sword of the Spirit, according to the leaders of the movement.

Since the activities of the organization are purely educational, our students are again in a unique position to participate, both by being educated, and by helping to educate others in the methods of forming the "national conscience" so necessary for the continued prosecution



of a successful war. Also, we must inform and educate ourselves regarding the best program to be carried out when the war is won. Then the peace shall have been won just as successfully. It is essential that every citizen be acquainted with a peace plan based upon the principles of Christian justice and upon the five-point program of Pius XII, which has been accepted by many allied leaders as the most feasible program set forth to this date. Contrary to the current opinion among so many that speculation upon peace aims is premature, we must of necessity have a clearly defined peace program ready for immediate prosecution at the end of the war, so that international stability may be restored as quickly as possible.

But what earthly use can a program of prayer have in our colleges and universities? Is prayer not something to be done furtively, and hurriedly, and in secret? Can we afford to take time from our learned discussions, and our scientific research, and our philosophical musing for prayer? If we can afford defeat, and slavery, and national ruin, the answer is no. If we cannot, we must take our places in a general moral and spiritual uplifting. There were no atheists in the muddy foxholes of Bataan; there is no room for atheism among us at home, in spite of the fact that it has of late been raised to the level of a virtue in some educational circles. All the vital decisions of our Congress are preceded and followed by prayer. Look into the words and writings of Roosevelt and Churchill, and there you will find the most sincere and urgent prayers. These leaders realize fully the fact that there is a Power greater than all the mighty instruments of destruction, and all the millions of armed men, which will be our Ally, if we but ask, and believe, and comply with the simple requirements of the natural and moral laws. The decision is ours to make.

But how may we successfully carry out this program of spiritual and mental renovation in America if we are not organized? This is the unfortunate aspect of the question, since the need is so great for us to take up the Sword of the Spirit and place ourselves behind those who fight with tangible weapons on the global battlefields. We, as individuals, must dare to be different, and cooperate to the utmost in the study, action, and prayer of the movement. This war is not entirely physical. The assault of our enemies also involves a subtle and stealthy attempt to undermine the spiritual and mental well-being of our citizens, with the express purpose of destroying their ability to think for themselves. We cannot afford to stop thinking. Unless we oppose it effectively, this assault can only lead to the national confusion which we witnessed with such amazement in the fall of France.

Certainly the Germans and the Japanese and their puppets have a very certain and definite point of view upon the outcome of this struggle—the complete and permanent abolition of Western civilization and culture. In the United Nations we must also have ours—the destruction of the evil forces at work all about us, and the establishment of a post war



order based not on human principles, but on those which are older than time. This point of view may be best obtained by the individual and general adoption of the program of the Sword of the Spirit, if not in name, at least in essence. Behind this overpowering weapon, our planes and our tanks and our men can hope to advance to ultimate victory, and the blood of those who have offered everything man holds dear, shall have been shed for a really permanent end—the preservation of Christian culture, and the beginning of real international justice among the United Nations of the world.

## Older Days

G. R. SCHREIBER

I remember  
Days  
As long as years,  
And some as fleeting as a moment.  
But surely  
It has  
Not been so long for me  
That I can touch  
A blade of grass  
And not wonder  
At the green life.  
Or lie  
And watch the drowsy sun  
Draw in his warm night cloak,  
And not dream of gold trees  
And cities  
With streets of gold and houses in them.  
Or surely  
Has it never been so long  
That  
Picking out an old log from the drift  
I cannot dream  
Of pirate ships  
And sail the Spanish Main.

# Latest Fashions In Foods

JOHN TERVEER

*Alice lived in a strange world where things and people changed shapes in a twinkling. Perhaps our own modern world is just as strange when carrots and beans and steaks come out of a small package and a smaller envelope.*

Everyone today is unavoidably food-conscious. Across the counter, in front of the bank, from porch to porch, the talk flows and flows about the rationing of sugar and of coffee, about meatless days and about all the sacrifices that are and will be expected of the American people. Consideration of this fact will impress upon us the importance of the part that food is playing in this war.

To this may be added another quite obvious fact—that the Government of our country is deeply concerned about its duty to ship food to our armed forces and to do this as quickly and efficiently as possible. That the fulfillment of this duty should meet with difficulties was learned the very first year of the Lend-lease program when convoys began to make their way across the ocean. These convoys hauled across the peril-infested Atlantic eighty shiploads of water, not drinking water, water wholly unneeded. The fluid rode within the skins of tomatoes, in the crates of carrots, in the pods of beans. It was "a needless waste of precious cargo-space."

As every backyard gardener knows, fresh vegetables contain about ninety percent water. Not only is this true for citrous fruits; the same applies to meats. Now when the water contained in these items can be removed by means of dehydration, so much so that the moisture in vegetables can be reduced to one percent and that in meat to about five percent, then this process is important in the difficulties of cargo-space. With the aid of dehydration one ship can now carry the equivalent of ten ships of former days. Such a method naturally liberates many vessels for the work of carrying many other needed items to foreign shores.

The story of this method of dehydration is one which has its beginning in the early history of our country, for the American Indian had his system of curing venison, fish and other meats by curing them in the sun so that the water might be evaporated from them. But the story has huge gaps after that time. Some dehydration was performed on foods used in the last World War, but the success of the venture was not great. During that war large quantities of vegetables (mostly beans, peas, potatoes and onions) were dried and sent abroad, but the potatoes, for example, turned a dark, dingy color and earned the name of "shoe blacking"; in general, even the workers in the industry admitted that the products were not very palatable.

Since that time the history of the process ties itself with noodles, curious enough to say. "Three and one-half years ago the I. J. Gross Noodle Company of Chicago hit upon a new way of selling noodles. It included with each package of noodles a smaller package of dehydrated vegetables and seasonings. The housewife dumped both packages into a pan of water, allowed about seven minutes for cooking, and for ten cents got enough of Mrs. Gross' Noodle Soup to serve six people."

Mrs. Gross' soup went over so big that inside of a few months a new market was born. Other companies seeing the possibilities of this new product enlarged upon the idea and today there are an estimated fifty different brands of dehydrated soup on the market. This soup-mix-boom brought the dehydrated vegetable industry back from the grave.

In World War II, with allied troops scattered over the four corners of the earth and food being such a vital factor for their very existence, the process of dehydration is of tremendous importance. The method used in 1918 consisted of merely heating the food for three or four hours, without much concern for preserving the nutritional value and vitamin content. But, America's years of scientific research have taught this industry that nutrition and vitamins must be preserved or the method is a failure. To this may be added the factor of tastiness, for the food, in order to satisfy our fighting troops, must likewise be appetizing. With these three points in mind, the Quartermaster's Corps Research Laboratory in Chicago reports, "that these dehydrated foods are pronounced far more satisfactory in flavor and food value than any food shipped overseas in the last war."

The process of dehydrating these foods is not intricate nor difficult to tell, but it is somewhat interesting to the ordinary layman. In working on vegetables two main methods are known: the tunnel and the drum process. In the former, the vegetables are loaded on trays and slowly move through a steam or air-heated tunnel. In order to get complete dehydration (that is, the removal of all but five percent or less of water), the vegetables must be flaked or shredded. If they were allowed to remain whole, the result would be a hard, caked product that would be both unsightly and unpalatable. Furthermore, dehydrated whole vegetables require a thorough soaking to restore them to their natural shape and texture. While the tunnel process is used in drying whole apricots, prunes, and so forth, dehydration is not complete and more than five percent of water often remains.

In the drum process, a mash or puree is spread on a steam-heated drum and peeled off in large, thin, solid sheets. It is then broken up into chips or may be powdered as in the case of preparing tomatoes.

A newer process is used by a corporation in New York; it is capable of retaining eighty percent of the vitamins, cuts the processing time considerably, and improves the flavor. It may be described in this fashion: "After mashing under an inert gas to prevent oxidation and consequent

loss of food values, the food is spread on a heat-controlled roller in a layer only 3-1000 of an inch thick, where it is allowed to cook and dry without overheating from ten to twenty seconds, leaving only about 4 percent water in the resulting flakes. Only the addition of water is necessary before serving."

Food thus relieved of its moisture then becomes ideally conditioned for shipment in great cargoes. The amount of storage space saved by the process of dehydration is a matter of some amazement. In general it might be said that one ship can now carry what ten ships carried during the last war. After treatment spinach occupies one-twentieth as much cargo space; dried tomato soup is one-third the size and one-sixth the weight of the canned variety.

And to this good news may be joined the fact that these dehydrated foods are good for five years or more, that they require no refrigeration, and that their lightness, vitamin content, ease of preparation and cheapness make them adaptable not only for feeding fighting men but also for stocking outposts and preserving crop-surpluses for the future.

But all this labor in dehydration does not concern itself solely with the vegetable world; some work has likewise been turned to the citrous family. In order to obtain foods rich in vitamin C, the orange has been used in experimentation—and with success, too. This hard-to-hold vitamin is well preserved in the present method of concentrating orange juice. The process reduced the bulk from ten to one and the concentrate so closely resembles fresh orange juice that British children are drinking as much as we can send over.

Success, too, has rewarded the attempts to dry meats by this new method (it is obvious that the soldier cannot live on greens and soups alone). The research departments of the larger meat corporations have developed different processes whereby the water content of meats is reduced to around ten percent without destroying the nutritive value. Most of the success of the operation relies on the ability to process the meat at a low enough temperature to avoid the loss of the vitamin potency while at the same time high enough to retard bacterial development. The method as developed by Swift & Company of Chicago is accomplished by pre-cooking fresh cubed beef, grinding it into fine particles, and drying it slowly and evenly. The final product is appetizing and may be eaten as it comes from the package, hence it is well adapted to field rationing. Addition of water restores the meat to the consistency of fresh ground beef and in that form may be served as meatloaf, patties, hash, or any other type of dish in which ground meat is used.

Before beef was dehydrated, it was shipped abroad in a boneless form, quick-frozen to retain its nourishment and to preserve it on its long trek to our Allied troops. In this form, beef once carried with bone in ten ships during World War I can be transported in 3.7 ships. Dehydra-



tion and ordinary packaging lowers the ratio to 1.6 as compared to 10 before.

Although most of the work done in this field has been on beef, the situation seems to make it advisable to look to the future with respect to pork. The greater fat content of this meat and its difference of structure demand several extra stages in manipulation, among them the use of an antioxidant for stabilization. The benefits derived from the dehydration of pork are quite the same as those of beef.

With this and all the other important activities of this food-industry clearly before us, we might ask whether the dehydration of foods is here to stay or whether it is simply a war-time action which will collapse after the emergency is over. From all indications the importance of the process will carry over to postwar days. Europe will probably still look to America as her savior from the ravages of starvation during the period of reconstruction that is bound to come. Then, too, American nutritionists have learned a great deal more about foods in reference to vitamins and other values than was possessed by any group during the last war. Although dehydration may only seem to some to be a mere helping hand in winning the war, it may not be long until these same dehydrated foods will be part of the American public's staple market. While it is true that the government's chief concern at present is the reduction of cargo space in ships doing convoy duty, these foods are also the means of reducing freight on our railroads and thereby of making room for many other needed articles.

Although the aim of dehydration may be, at the present, the reaching of means of winning the present war, its great economic importance may be also a means of wiping starvation and famine from the face of the earth. Due to the fact that this food requires no refrigeration and will keep for long periods of time, it will be a means of conserving food surpluses during times of plenty and of thus preventing disasters caused by floods, pestilence, and earthquake.

While some of these anhydrous foods have been tried and proved, the work of experimentation still goes on. The University of California, under the direction of Dr. W. Cruiss, is looking forward to the day when it can announce a method of home dehydration. If and when such a process is discovered, dehydration will surely be here to stay and future generations will profit from research carried on which raised the infant industry to one of universal importance.

# Small Town . . . Uptown

JOHN GOETZ

*Nineteenth century books would have classified these little sketches as vignettes. They are that, except that Mr. Goetz has done his work with a far bolder stroke, with a dash that is modern. Here is America—anywhere, everywhere. This is the work, incidentally, which won the Pursley Award of last May.*

## DAWN FOR THE DOCTOR

The flaming rose of the sun's rising illumines the deserted street. East-facing windows in the stores are sheets of flame. A chill dawn-wind scatters old newspapers before it down the street; and carries the solemn peal of the morning Angelus over the somnolent town. The same wind swings back and forth the neat little sign before a physician's office.

Seated behind the wheel of his mud-spattered car, almost too exhausted to rise, the weary doctor watches its irregular motion back and forth, mechanically counting the swings as he would a human pulse. As he counted the shuddering fluctuations of a human pulse through the ebony darkness of the night before, until the counting stopped.

Bushy grey eyebrows draw together as he brushes his big hand over the burning eyes beneath. He has learned to ignore weariness in his profession; yet even if one ignores it, it is there, dulling one's eyelids, pounding the back of one's neck with a dull little hammer.

Lighting another cigarette, he muses upon the night just past. A new life just begun; another ended so it might begin. He had entered into mortal but futile combat with the One who gives and takes away. The outcome was at no time uncertain, yet he had done what could be done. Poor little creature, entering its era of existence so much alone. In cases such as this, one's ethics must indeed be high.

The glowing ash scorches his fingers—he finds himself dozing. The sun is higher still, drawing the first junior clerks into town to open the shops. Before his office hours he needs some sleep. Pulling himself out from behind the wheel, he enters the office, holding his tortured back. Into the sterilizer go the rows of shining instruments—impotent tools of man's impudent war with death. Out again, under the swinging sign. The sun is high when he goes home to bed.

## A NEW WHITE COLLAR

A recently employed teller at the bank hurries down the street on some indeterminable mission. The importance of his lately acquired position is reflected in his every step, his beaming face, his slightest action.

A cheery good morning for all the local business men, whose first names he seems to know in every instance—they like it, and reply in a similar vein, which serves to intensify his beaming all the more.

Stylish clothes are his to wear now: the well-shined shoe, the broad-shouldered business suit, the white collar. Emblems of his profession are these, placing him apart from his former self, which existed a few scant weeks ago. What visions permeate his thoughts: Cashier - John Jones; Vice-President - John Jones; Chairman of the Board - John Jones. "Hello, Sam, how are things today?" Bubbling, youthful enthusiasm, genuine exuberance; all his wildest phantasms just an inch from his grasp. Are they? He *knows* they are.

#### DORIS SHOPPING

Out of the grocer's, into the druggist's, all up and down the street, Doris goes shopping. She's in the market for nothing in particular, (a doll perhaps—although she still likes her Christmas doll); but they sell no such things in groceries. Anyhow, mother's in search of more mundane things, such as food and soap and living room drapes. Why do people eat or wash, she'd like to know. Shopping in most aspects bores one so, when one is only four.

The drug store has such a clean smell that she almost hates to leave. Why does mother hurry so? It would be fun to have a big pile of those little brown pills—almost like a sand pile. Doris tosses her brunette braided pigtails in haughty defiance; but she follows just the same.

Now they push through the swinging, shiny doors into the Big Store. Its street number is 5 and 10. She could spend hours here. There are so many things in orderly lines: candies, toys, pots and pans, and a great number of queer things Doris knows nothing about. So many big girls in important looking white uniforms are moving these things in and out of their orderly rows.

A bowl of lively, flashing goldfish holds her entranced, her little up-tilted nose pressed against its cool, wet glass wall. In another department, she makes grisly faces at herself in a hundred hanging mirrors. Some stop in vanity before them; she, to laugh back at her reflection. Cheap rhinestones gleam back in merriment at her wonderment, as Doris, on tiptoe, sees pictures in her storybook of the King's jewels.

Her mother buys some thumbtacks and starts out, Doris a step behind. Her face falls as, unheeding, they pass the candy counter; brightens perceptibly as they return; her dark eyes fairly sparkle as she emerges into the brightness of the sunlit street with a package in her hand. Now she knows why grown people go shopping.

#### RIDER OF THE RODS

Coal dust, cinders, dirt from the boxcars, mud from the jungles, farm yards, whose barns have sheltered him, grime from the flophouses—be-

neath them walks a man. The filth of them should weigh him down, oppress him; but he must be immune to them, unmindful of them as he is, munching with relish his last handout, an equally grimy sandwich, once wrapped in greasy paper.

Moth-eaten trousers, rimless hat, ill-fitting shoes, all his clothes are as carefree, indifferent, besmirched as he. They hang with reckless abandon to his bony frame. Scrawny wrists and turkey-like neck protrude from opposite ends of an almost backless coat.

Lights of viciousness and vice flame from bulging eyes, giving them a purely animal character. Dissipation, with irresistible force, has twisted into a permanent, unyielding sneer what was once a human mouth, carving ruthless diagonals across the sunken cheeks, where little purple veins interlace. Yellow fingernails absently rub a half an ear, bitten in a gambling brawl.

The sandwich done, he rolls a wrinkled cigarette with the tremulous hands of one in need of morphia. It dangles from one corner of the sneering mouth as he draws the blue, wreathing smoke into the very core of himself, crouched against the chill grey concrete of a gloomy doorway. In sepulchral tones, the clock high up in the courthouse tower announces the hour. Rising almost painfully, he makes his way to the smoky railroad station. Pulling out southward with slow, wheezing puffs, the 4:20 has another passenger.

#### FARMER IN TOWN

He stands on the street corner in the smoky, murky gloom of a late winter afternoon, stolidly working a generous quid of plug-cut with a steady rhythmical motion of his jutting chin. From one jaw to the other it travels, pausing only when its liquid product is sent into the gutter in a shining brown stream.

The print of the wind, the marks of the sleet are on his toughened, copper face; a coppery hue deepened by the grey of his three-day beard. Fine lines in the corners of his intense, water-blue eyes deepen as he smiles again at some neighbor's words which his mind has resurrected as he waits. Where is that woman? The Kroger store is crowded on Saturday, he knows; but she'd best quit her gossip—it's near feeding time.

Hunching against the raw gusts, yet not wincing at them, he buttons his denim jacket a bit higher. Stomping his booted feet, he disturbs little clods of mud and sends them rolling to the pavement. He's proud of that mud—it's his. His shoats loll in it; his horses churn it up. From it springs his corn, his oats, his life. As a sculptor, he moulds it with his plow.

Again he laughs, shifting his shoulder on the clammy stone of the building front. Martha steps out of Kroger's with the flour and the corn flakes. Straightening up in recognition, he goes to warm the car. Back home it's feeding time.



## NIGHT MUSIC

After the sun has left for the world's other side, when the stars appear in the blue-black sky overhead, a square patch of light appears on the court house lawn. It moves slightly as the warm breeze sways the bulbs above it. As the big round clock in the tower moves toward eight, the patch of light becomes alive with men in the old-fashioned uniforms of the community band.

Shining coils of the tubas flash gold as they are hoisted over their owners' shoulders. Music stands sprout like chrome plated weeds over the surface of the lawn, while chairs are lined up in orderly semicircles. Gaping children are shoved to the edges as the musicians take their places. A cacophony of sound draws a sprinkling of spectators to the vicinity, as the warming and timing and tuning of the instruments begins. Old men and women sit on the court house steps sniffing the fresh, delicately-scented air. More sit on the long lush grass, or stand in groups talking. Cars drive up and park with open windows on the nearby street.

With the imperious tap of the baton, the national anthem begins. All stand at attention. Then the overture. "Too deep for me," someone remarks; but its ponderous volume and slow tempo appeal immensely to the musicians. Sweating drummers pound, long-necked trombones blare in majestic unison. Not too well in tune, to be sure, yet none the less majestic.

Little brown bats, and the myriad insects of the summertime, flit erratically around the tempting incandescence of the bulbs overhead. Some of the big, sluggish moths seem to dip and twirl in unison with the waltz. These insects, too, have their fun, as the players below slap wildly at annoying mosquitos which prick their hands and faces. The conductor's bald head gleams as he removes his gold-braided hat to brush some offender away.

Out in the darkness, a baby cries, confused by the sounds it cannot yet understand. Young couples walk past, hearing the music, yet unmindful of it under the spell of the calm, warm night. A stray dog sits smugly among the players, apparently very proud of himself. He is quite still until a flea disturbs his complacency.

Finally, the *Stars and Stripes Forever*. The piccolo player beams at his sudden importance, and in doing so goes flat. After the last chord and the polite clapping has died away, instruments are put away for another week. The lights go off, the crowd scatters, calling goodnights through the semi-darkness. Band members become their old selves once more—grocers, mechanics, postmen; all artists for a night. They smoke and chat a while, then disperse. Rehearsal Monday.

## The Heart Is Mute

By FRANZ WERFEL

Our lips have parted from a long farewell;  
Our hands are taut in nerving, nerveless clasp.  
In all the petty worries my poor lips must tell,  
The heart is mute.

Train, will you never roar into this place?  
I feel that I shall never see you more,  
And foolish, stupid words should fill this moment's space!  
The heart is mute.

If I must have you nevermore, then let  
Me have the only boon of death, of death!  
If I could only slip away! O God! a cigarette!  
The heart is mute.

And walking back, I stay the flood of tears;  
Completely lost, I stare from man to man.  
But tears will not give meaning to the empty years.  
The heart is mute.

*(Translated with permission of the author.)*

# Look To The Hills

G. RICHARD SCHREIBER

*Somewhere deep within each of us is the desire to know "how the lilies grow on the banks of Italie." And for all the distances of time and space and strange differences of customs and ways, each man is a kindred of his fellow in this desire that leads over and beyond distant hills.*

The highway came creeping up the mountain side out of the mists of the valley below, along the rim of Tygart Canyon. It broke forth suddenly on the summit of the ridge, then veered sharply and dipped off westward to the setting sun. Anse Scott sat in his squeaky, high-backed rocking chair with the rebuilt cane seat, and heard the cars strain up the mountain side and watched them roar off to the west. They went in a cloud of dust at daytime, or with tail lights winking in the dark.

"Be careful, Tinee," Anse shouted suddenly, leaning forward in his chair and taking his pipe stem from his mouth. "Be careful for that there car."

Not until the little girl reached his side did he relax. She sat down on the top step of the three rickety wooden boards that led up to the cabin door. While she smoothed her bright red and white dress down over her round brown knees she wriggled her toes in the sun that managed to dodge past the cabin porch roof. It laid a golden rim just above her bare ankles. Under her arm, hugged in tightly to her flat breast, Tinee held a book, its faded blue cover besmirched with dust from the road.

"What you got there, Tinee?" Anse asked.

"It's pictures, Grandpa," Tinee answered. "I found it in mother's trunk. Here, you look at it." She wiped the dust from the cover with her sleeve and handed the book to Anse.

Anse opened the thick, yellow pages carefully. The book was a series of lithographs. On its old pages were sketches of big cities, small towns, and panoramic views. Anse put his thumb between the pages where buildings towered up five and six stories high.

"Look here, Tinee," he said excitedly. "You see, here's what I been telling you about."

He pointed to a picture of a New York street scene.

"There's St. Louie," he said. "Look at that stallion, and see those ladies there with their umbrellas to keep off the sun. Ain't it just like I told you, Tinee, ain't it now?"

The girl bent over the page, her head nodded emphatically.

"Is that where you're going, Grandpa?" she asked.

"I hope so, Tinee," Anse answered. "That's where I'd like to be going. Right down that road to Lexington, down to Louisville, and maybe on to St. Louis."

He fumbled with the stubborn pages, wetting his thumb and forefinger when he tried to separate two of the sheets.

"Maybe I can find . . ." he muttered to himself. "Maybe I can find Lexington here. Let's see."

Two pages parted reluctantly. There was a street scene: A long unpaved thoroughfare ran down between two rows of frame houses and store buildings. A man lounged before a building halfway down the street. On the other side a horse pranced with a surrey.

"There you are, Tinee," he said, slanting the book toward her. "There's Lexington I'll bet you."

He ran his forefinger along the line below the picture. It read: Tulsa, Oklahoma, 1882. Anse squinted at the line, bent closer to it.

"Yes," he said, "that's Lexington all right. Just look at it. Ain't that something to see?"

Tinee examined the picture closely.

"You know," Anse said, "I'll bet there's just lots of pictures in here of places I told you about. I'll bet so, by jinks."

He turned the pages quickly.

"Now here," he said, "here's the Old Country. That's where my Grandfather Ephraim came from."

Old Ephraim Scott had come across the waters early in the nineteenth century, chasing the setting sun.

On the next page there was a picture of several men placer-mining at the side of a sparkling stream. In the background the Sierra-Nevada mountains stood in black relief. Anse bent close to the pages to scrutinize the faces of the men. One of them . . . yes, one of them . . . looked like his father must have looked although he could hardly remember him.

"Here, Tinee," said Anse, pointing to the men. "That's where my dad went. Out to California. That was years ago. That's where he went. Out to the mountains."

"Yes, Anse," Tinee said.

"That was when I was four years old. He went out across the rivers and the prairies to the mountains. Mom said he was going to send for us. He went out there looking for gold nuggets the size of a man's fist."

Anse doubled his hand, and shook it while he talked.

Farther on in the book was a pen and ink sketch of a small town. Elm trees lined the street. It was a quiet place. At the far end of the broad street was a church. The steeple, thin and high, stretched upward to the sky. Behind the church ran a narrow river. Under the picture were the words: Early Cincinnati.

"Remember, Tinee," Anse continued, "remember, I told you about Grayson? Here it is. Grayson, just over the big ridge about twelve mile.



That's where True lived. Let me see here. That house there, near the end of the street, that looks like the house where True lived."

Anse chuckled at the thought of Grayson. When he was seventeen Anse had taken down the great, leather-bound Bible that was his mother's. With eyes that were slightly fogged he had read, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Love thy neighbor. Now that was something, Anse had thought. He thought about it so much that he took another swig from the earthen jug at his side and went down to Grayson in Panther Hollow where there was a barn dance going on. Before the old clock in the Presbyterian church steeple at the end of the street had rung out the hour of ten he had kissed every girl there. After that the sheriff took him in custody, and he spent ten days in the county jail bemoaning the strange ways of the world: That they should lock him up for carrying out the message of the Good Book.

But he didn't tell Tinee that story.

From that evening's escapade, though, Anse had brought home a woman to help him plow the fields and to sleep with him. He disgraced the family name by marrying a girl "from down the valley." For six years his mother would not even speak to the wife he had brought home. As time went on, though, and the old lady grew more and more feeble waiting for her husband to return from California, she had to be carried around from place to place in a make-shift wheelchair. One day Anse pushed his mother outside in early afternoon. At two o'clock a mighty storm came down out of the angry north. Anse was in the fields and his wife was alone in the cabin. The old lady had sat in the rain for as long as she could, twisting her dress in her hands. At last she called out for help, and Anse's wife from down the valley came out and carried her inside. After that the two Mrs. Scotts exchanged civil pleasantries until the old lady died four years later after a severe attack of rheumatism.

The picture sent thoughts reeling through Anse's head. He looked at it long and silently. Finally, Tinee stirred restlessly, pulling her dress about her tanned legs.

"Tell me about True, Grandpa," she said. "Tell me again."

"True was like me," Anse said, closing the pages over his thumb, and drawing slowly on his pipe. "Both of us wanted to see what was on the other side of those hills." He gestured with his pipe off across the hills.

"I recollect how we used to sit out here on these steps. Right there where you're sitting. 'Look Anse,' she would say to me, 'I wonder what's over there? I wonder, Anse.' And her arm would tighten around my shoulder and her eyes would light up.

"I recollect, too, how I told her we'll go and see, honey. We'll go and see some day. You and me together. You and me together."

Anse fell silent. For before that day came, True got heavy with child. And one morning, just as the fog was drawing off cautiously to the darker niches and crevasses of the hills, she smiled a little, and relaxed.

There was her baby beside her, with old lady Martindale, True's mother, crying above it. And while Anse went out to the pump to draw a cool drink, True had looked out of the cabin window to where the tall pines grew like sentinels along the ridge. She smiled, then, and closed her eyes and went to sleep.

"We would have gone, too, yes siree, jiminie," Anse said, coming back to the present.

"Yes, Grandpa," Tinee said simply.

"We would have gone together, like I told her. You and me together, honey, I told her. We would have gone down to Lexington, and to Louisville, and maybe on down to St. Louie. True would have liked that. The two of us together.

They sat quietly for a while. Then Anse began to turn the pages in his search for more pictures to show Tinee. He wanted to show her pictures of everything he had told her. He was sure this book must have pictures of all those places. While he looked, Tinee wriggled again, impatiently.

"I'd better go see about the fire for your supper," she said suddenly. She skipped across the porch and went through the cabin door. Anse could hear her humming in the kitchen.

A car hurried up the mountain side, slowed, and came to a stop at the side of the road before the cabin. The man inside examined the mail box stuck in a milk can that had the words ANSE SCOTT printed on it.

"Well, well, well," the stranger said as he came up the walk. "How are you this afternoon?"

Before Anse could reply, the stranger began to shake his hand.

"I'm Bill Carstairs, Mr. Scott," he said. "Represent the Schafer Products Company. From down at Louisville, you know. I'm just traveling through these parts to take a few orders for our product. Say," he continued, "that smells good."

"Supper cooking," Anse explained, extricating his hand. "Want to set and have a bite?"

"No thanks, Mr. Scott," the salesman said, "I ate down at the cross-roads. But I'd like to show you our new line of seeds and extracts. I have them right here." He tapped the black case he held. "Thought you might be interested in this new line of seeds we're putting on the market. Be good for next spring's planting."

The salesman brought out a large catalogue and spread it on his knees. Anse edged his chair up close.

"Now this," said the salesman, is a new tobacco leaf. Our company is trying to introduce it up through here. We've had great success with it down around Louisville."

"You don't say," Anse remarked.

"Yes, sir, Mr. Scott. Why down around Louisville it grows in long

river-bottom fields so far you can't see the end of the planter's rows. There are miles and miles of it."

"Miles and miles," Anse repeated after him. He talked as in a dream. "I'd sure like to see that. I'd like to see how it stretches out along the river to the west. You know, young man, I been hankering to get down to Louisville one of these days and see the sights. I figure I'll do it, too, pretty soon."

"You don't say now," the salesman said. Well, I'll tell you what you do, Mr. Scott. I have to be back through here bright and early in the morning, and you can ride on down to Louisville with me. How would that suit you?"

Old Anse's eyes lit up. He thrust out his chin and ran a gnarled hand—hardened with work in the tobacco fields—through the unruly white hair that persisted in dropping over his right eye.

"Would we go through Lexington?" Anse asked excitedly.

"Right smack through it, sir. Why we could even stop over there and eat our dinner. How would that be?"

"Right through Lexington," Anse said. His voice sounded as if no one else were around. "Right through Lexington and on down to Louisville. That's what I been aiming to do for some time."

"Well, how about it?" the salesman asked. Will you be ready?"

"I'll be ready."

"Good. You'll enjoy the trip. Maybe we can stop off to see some of that tobacco. It would make you a good crop to plant next spring."

"Oh, sure, sure," Anse said, "we'll have a look at that first thing."

The salesman left a small book with Anse that described the new tobacco. Anse sat with it in his lap. There was a dim purr as the salesman's car pulled away.

"Who was that, Grandpa?" Tinee asked, coming out to the porch, and drying her hands on her dress.

"That was a fellow from Louisville, honey. He's coming back through here tomorrow to take me down to Louisville with him. And we're going right through Lexington. We might even stop there for dinner."

"To Louisville, Grandpa? You're going to Louisville?"

"Yes siree, jiminie. Didn't I tell you I'd be fixing to go down that road. Didn't I tell you?" The old man shouted with his glee.

Tinee dashed down the three steps, through the gate, and across the road to tell her family the news: That Grandpa Scott was actually going to Louisville, and that he was going to eat dinner in Lexington. Anse could hear her calling as she reached the far side of the road.

Tinee, and Tinee's mother, came across the road to help Anse pack the few things they thought he should take with him. The cabin was in a state of feverish excitement. When it was all over, and supper had been eaten, Tinee and her mother went back to their own cabin. Anse walked out to the porch. He took his corn cob pipe from his pocket

and began to fill the huge, blackened bowl deliberately. Then he struck a match on the sole of his shoe and puffed away.

A car came up the far side of the mountain. It roared along the straight road before Anse's cabin and disappeared down the winding road that ran off toward Lexington and Louisville. Yellow light came from the kitchen windows of the cabin across the road. A faint breeze stirred.

"Yes siree, jiminie," Anse said softly to himself. "That's what I been aiming to do for some time—to go down to Louisville and to stop off at Lexington. Why, when I get there I might even go on down to St. Louie. Ain't no telling what I might do or where I might go when I get to Louisville."

The song of the katydids and crickets and night birds filled the air. Anse thought back over the long years: Of the years in the field, of the sunsets, of his dreaming and his hoping. He walked over to his rocking chair and started to sit down. There was something in the chair seat. He picked it up and rubbed his hand along it. Tinee had left her book there. He sat with it in his lap. With his finger he leafed through the pages he couldn't see. One of them was a picture of the old country. Another was of California, and of St. Louie, and of Lexington. And one of them was Grayson and of the house at the end of the street where True had lived.

Anse thought back to the many nights he and True had sat on the cabin porch, watching the yellow moon, planning the day when they could go off to follow the setting sun. *You and me, together, honey*, the breeze in the pines seemed to say. *You and me together*.

He remembered her vividly, with the moonlight playing in her hair, her eyes sparkling like reflected stars, and her voice like violins playing. He remembered the hillside cemetery down the road. A small marble marker stood there, facing the west because she would have wanted it that way. Tomorrow would mean leaving True, going off to cross the far horizon without her. He knocked the ashes from his pipe. They died quickly in the moist dark grass below the porch rail. He went in to bed.

Anse was up with the dawn. He had a fire sputtering in the old wood cooker before Tinee came across the road. Her eyes were dim. She worked over the stove in silence, cutting long, lean strips of bacon to drop in the flat, iron skillet. Then she broke an egg and whipped its yolk as it turned golden in the bacon grease.

Soon the hum of a motor came. The sound stopped before the cabin, a cloud of dust whirled past the window. The tobacco salesman came sprinting across the lawn to the front porch. He rapped smartly on the door. Anse got up and went out to meet him. Tinee picked up the brown case into which she and her mother had packed Anse's things.



"Well, well, well," the salesman said. "Up bright and early, Mr. Scott. All set to go?"

Tinee's eyes were full as she watched Anse through the kitchen doorway. The old man went up to the front door slowly and looked out to the road. In the seat of the rocking chair he saw Tinee's book, its blue cover dusty from the passing cars.

"I'm sorry, son," Anse said suddenly, "but I can't go this morning. There's too many things here to be done."

"Can't go, Mr. Scott?" the salesman echoed. "Well, now, I'm sorry to hear that. But what about Lexington, and Louisville . . . and the new tobacco crop?"

"I'll have to wait for that, I guess," Anse said. His voice was quiet and tired.

"Well, now, I'm sorry to hear that," the salesman said again. He put his hat on. "I'd better be running along just the same. Have to be in Louisville tonight you know. Sure you won't change your mind?"

Anse shook his head.

"Well, then, see you next year," the salesman said. Anse watched the car flash down through the pines and out of sight. He stepped through the door and went over to the rocking chair to pick up the book. Behind him Tinee stood. Her eyes were full of questions.

"You didn't go, Grandpa?" she asked. "Why not, Grandpa? I thought you were aiming to see Louisville, and to eat your dinner in Lexington."

Anse turned toward her. He put his rough hand on her head and stroked her long, uneven hair.

"I am fixing to go," he said slowly. "Mark me now, I'll be going down that road afore long to see me some sights. Yes siree, jiminie."

Then he added softly, looking down at the book, "You and me together, honey."

Tinee looked at him strangely. She shrugged her small shoulders, took the brown box over to the corner of the room and began to unpack its contents. Anse sat down in the squeaky, high-backed rocking chair and began to fill his pipe.

# The Snow Storm

RALPH BUSHELL

*There is a chain of stories that tell the tale of man against the elements, Beowulf, Moby Dick, and Giants in the Earth. This is but a simple, humble link, but it belongs to that chain. Here is the same symbolic fighter, modernized in the roar of a motor.*

That year we had not had much snow, at least not until Christmas. Then on Christmas Eve the skies had shaken out about six inches of good wet stuff that really stuck and did plenty of damage to traffic in general. But compared to the cold spell which it foretold, it was as insignificant as the proverbial drop in the bucket.

"Hi, buddy! Want a lift?" The huge truck ground to a stop. Its brilliant lights pierced the night like two gleaming knives.

On the day of January 17, 1936, the weather had been particularly bright and cheery. It was a little crisp, but one didn't mind that. In fact, it made one feel full of vim and vigor. The sun set on a clear sky; but as it sank in the west, it had a strange bronzed look to it. As the after-glow deepened to royal purple, then faded, a gentle wind sprang up. It was damp and cold. A bank of clouds came stealthily over the horizon and blacked-out the stars. Darkness descended over the earth; an earth just emerging from the enshrouding snow of Christmas.

"Gosh, you bet, Mister!" piped a thin voice, and the next minute a lad of about sixteen or seventeen poked his head through the open door. Over the roar of the exhaust as the big truck gathered speed the driver queried,

"Where ya headin' for, Kid? Rather cold night to be pounding the slab."

"I'm on my way to Elkhart. It's about a hundred miles down the road."

"Uh-huh. Say! It's beginning to snow. Here kid, write in this book, 'Started to snow—9:00 p. m.—just outside of Odell.' Thanks. That's what I call my log book. Go ahead and read it if you want to."

Silence, if the roar of a tractor engine may be called such, again invaded the cab. Outside, the wind had again subsided. Flakes of snow came swirling down like feathers from a pillow. Behind the big trailer tagged two black ribbons, ever touching but never passing the wheels of the truck. Snow began to gather on the windshield but was quickly hurled off into space by large twin wipers.

"Put the book in that panel, Kid, when you get through looking at it. And if you're thirsty take a pull at that thermos bottle over there. It's got some good hot coffee in it. It'll do you good."

For an hour or so the heavy van bowled along, passing through a couple of small towns.

"Boy! The snow's getting pretty thick, isn't it? Those houses sure looked pretty back there."

"Uh-huh," came the answer, "They look prettier now than they did on Christmas. Say, Kid, look at my watch over there and see what time it is. We ought to be seeing the plows any minute now."

A sudden roar put all further conversation out of the question as the driver slid the gears into low to top a little hill. By this time the snow was pretty deep but had not as yet begun to drift. Already the drag had begun to slow the big trailer down.

"Say, Mister, do you think she'll bog down?"

"Naw, Kid. Don't worry. This old buggy'll go through stuff thicker than molasses. Anyway I think I see the plows coming toward us now."

As the first plow neared the trailer the driver of the plow signaled the trailer to stop. The two came abreast and a head poked itself out of the plow's side window.

"Hey there!"

"Yah, what do you want?"

"Oh, hello, Jim. I had an idea that it was you. Say, have you got room for a couple passengers? A fella and his wife went off the road about a mile back and would like a lift to town. It's only about four miles farther on."

"Sure thing, Pete. Glad to do it. So long."

The big truck lumbered forward.

"Hey, Kid, crawl up there on that bunk. Take a little snooze if you want to. I'll put those two people down here with me."

"OK, Mister. Guess a nap wouldn't go half bad."

Snow still scintillated in the powerful beams of the cab as the truck hurried ahead. The going was easier now that the plows had gone through. Soon a dark object was picked up in the headlights and again the truck ground to a stop.

"OK, folks, climb aboard."

With many words of gratefulness a middle aged couple ascended to the hard leather cushions.

"Howdy, folks. I'm Jim Patterson. Guess you had a little tough luck, huh? Hope you haven't been out long. Here ma'am, wrap this coat around your feet. It'll help keep them warm."

Oh thank you. My feet are awfully cold. It was so cold sitting in the car back there, wasn't it Michael?"

"It sure was, Mary. I ran off the road just before the plows reached us," addressing the driver, "and couldn't see where I was going. The car just slid into the ditch. I didn't have a chance."

"I know how that can happen. Last Christmas my truck went off the road right near here, too."

The lights of the town soon glowed through the flying snow. At the first restaurant the couple got out.

"We'll call a taxi from here. And thank you ever so much for your trouble."

"Oh, don't think anything of it. I was glad to help you. Goodbye."

The big truck pulled away into the night. For some reason or other Jim was beginning to feel a little nervous, was it because the wind had begun to rise? "Shucks, it's only a little blow," he thought. "The old girl will weather it." A heavy gust of wind gave the trailer a glancing thwack causing Jim to grip the wheel and fight the snaking trailer. A touseled head appeared beside him.

"Something wrong, Mister?"

"Naw, Kid. It's just getting a little windy. Try to get some more sleep. We've only got about fifty more miles to go, and then you'll be home. It'll be getting pretty light soon, too. It's about six o'clock."

A heavier gust of wind slapped the cab. A flurry of snow came crashing against the windshield. The snow was drifting! From what had been a soft moaning, the wind began to rise to a sharp scream. Up above the sky was beginning to split into big rifts, and the pale moon, paler now because of the nearing dawn, came creeping from behind thick clouds. And still the wind crescendoed its howling dirge. As far as the eye could see, the earth was smothered in a shifting coat of down. Already, little tongues of snow had begun to lick greedily across the cleared road. The big truck came to a stop.

"Hey, Kid, wake up."

"Gee, are we there already?"

"Nope, but we're stuck. I can't see the road clearly. Now listen. Have you ever driven before?"

"Well—I drove my dad's car."

"Listen, then. I'm going to walk ahead of the truck and feel out the road and you drive along behind me. And whatever happens, don't let her stop or the snow will begin to drift around her. And if you can't see me at any time, use the horn. Got that?"

"Sure."

"OK. Now here's how to keep this buggy moving."

Swiftly Jim described the workings of the complicated gears. But when he tried to open the cab door to get out, it was not as simple as it seemed. The shrieking wind hurled itself against the cab as the driver dropped down to the concrete. Step by step, foot by foot he pushed himself forward. The wind bit into his clothes and tore at his face. "Golly," he thought, "This is terrific."

The snow whirled and danced like maddened banshees. It rose and died; it advanced and retreated. Yet always with the set intention of the destruction of this puny mortal.

Then came a lull. Off in the east, day was beginning to break. And



with its breaking all the forces of evil seemed to gather themselves for one mighty assault. With a lunge that made the lad grasp the wheel in terror and that flung the weary marcher to the ground, the raging tempest went hurrying off on the heels of night, like a whipped cur after its master.

The sky filled with a coral pink, deepening to a brilliant crimson. The sun shot above the horizon, bathing the whitened plains with burning glory.

The figure of a man raised a weary arm and motioned. A giant truck came plowing toward him and crunched to a stop.

"All right, Kid. I'll take over now. The snow's thinner and I can see all right now. Lincoln's just ahead. We'll stop there and rest up a bit, before we go on."

"Swell. Say, let me take her on in. You need some rest."

"Naw. That wasn't anything. Anyway I needed the exercise. Well, here we go." The gears ground and the big van nosed ahead. "Next stop, a nice cup of hot coffee."

A snow plow passed them tossing the heavy whiteness over its shoulder with the greatest of ease. With a leap the trailer wheeled into the clear. All around the golden yellow of a new day tipped the billowy crests of snow mounds with tiny diadems. This was nature in all her rugged glory on January 18, 1936. It was a moment of inspiration for the poet; for the truck driver it was the end of a hard won fight against the seemingly ageless strength of nature.

## EDITORIALS

### A Lost Cause

FRANCIS L. KINNEY

In this our day, when militarism is the ideal most emphasized, the relegating of the aesthetic to the dim background of daily life appears as a very real danger. Our first thoughts are for the defense of ourselves and our country. The attitude, indeed, is not an unnatural one for American civilization has been attacked. It would be an entirely abnormal reaction if our predominating thought were otherwise than finding means to repel that attack. Yet, mere physical safety is not all important. Man has a soul which likewise demands protection.

Man's spiritual life needs the beautiful. What is this existence without it? Is it even possible that there be a satisfied generation bred in a state where beauty is absent? Ignoring this fundamental need of the spiritual life, governments in the past have striven to build up a society, the only aim of which was the construction of an impregnable war machine. Apparently, the fact that man withers and dies when deprived of spiritual sustenance just as when deprived of material food, has been disregarded. Consequently, mere material means, having conquered physical enemies, ultimately destroyed them. And, it is entirely possible that America faces a similar disaster.

Thankfully, there is a very definite preventive. There is a preventive which may well lay in the hands of the Catholic collegian. At the very least the Catholic student has been exposed to the best in art, in music, in literature. This is his heritage that must be kept intact and passed on to a future generation. Especially now there is so much praise heaped upon distorted art, so-called. Music that the masters perfected by sheer genius is being streamlined to fit less cultured minds. Art pieces which reached their apex in the paintings of the great masters are made to meet the requirements of the moving pictures, an art that is hybrid, at best. Quite naturally, then, literature falls in the balance of taste; young minds that know nothing better are gorging themselves on this tripe. Standards rise and fall in every field; those of Beauty must be kept high.

Our fight for the four freedoms will be easier if we reflect that we are fighting for Beauty's life and preservation as well. Otherwise, the perspective is easily jarred and blurred. Gross materialism would easily creep in were it not for these fundamental spiritual elements. It is our solemn and awful duty to prevent our age from losing the correct outlook, lest all-out defense of material considerations prove to be a Trojan horse!



GEORGE M. COHAN

## Yankee Doodle Dandy

G. R. SCHREIBER

The little man with the gray derby and cane had come a long way. Out of the corner of his mouth he had sung his way up the ladder of theatrical success. It was a long time, back down the years to that night when he made his first appearance in Haverstrain, New York. It was a long time sprinkled with all the proverbial smiles that fame and fortune lavish upon their favored. And now they lowered the nervous body of George Michael Cohan to its final resting place. The world mourned his passing awhile, then began to forget as the world does.

Cohan's life was no meteoric flight from unknown to renown. He came up the hard way. He fought, and fought hard, for every thing he ever had. He fought hard to keep what he had as you must in the show business. He was never ashamed, never reluctant, about those early days when he did buck dances and plugged songs down the sawdust trail. He never grew tired of talking about those days when the lights read not only George M. Cohan, Yankee Doodle Dandy, but when they spelled the Four Cohan: father, mother, Josephine, and George.

There was something very American about George M. Cohan. It wasn't merely the fact that he waved the flag or sometimes wrapped it around himself. It wasn't merely that he wrote dozens of songs about Uncle Sam that set millions of feet to tapping out rhythms. No one handed the Great White Way to him on a platter. He had to work for it. Night after night, under flickering spotlights and on drafty stages, he worked for it. Perhaps more than anything else that was the reason why George Cohan seemed so very much a part of America.

From the first night, when he recited his strange tongue-twister about the green grass that grew all 'round, to the opening night of his first Broadway success in 1904, Cohan's life was a fight. He loved a fight because fighting was work, and working was the only way to get to the top.

Make no mistake: fame and fortune just didn't *happen* to smile on George M. Cohan. He *made* them smile. While they smiled he kept plugging away, writing twenty-two Broadway productions and acting them, writing and singing dozens of popular melodies. The smile broadened. Cohan danced harder. He pushed the gray derby down over his eye, flicked his cane jauntily and put his whole heart into everything he did. The smiles turned to broad grins, then to laughter. While the laughter still echoed George M. Cohan took his last curtain call and bowed out gracefully the way his father and mother had taught him to do. No one had fooled him. He knew the secret of success. He had what he wanted. The work was *done*.



## Father Meinrad — A Legend

FRANCIS L. KINNEY

Though not fully realized by the present student body at St. Joseph's, Father Meinrad Koester's passing was not a matter of indifference. Having instructed most of the present members of our Faculty, Father Meinrad's name was not infrequently mentioned in the classroom, especially in the English classroom.

As a young priest he came to St. Joseph's in September of 1907 and here he remained until ill health forced him to accept lighter duties in the fall of 1937, just thirty years later. Father Meinrad's enormous energy and prodigious mind is evidenced by the fact that, upon first arriving at St. Joseph's he taught not only English and History but also German, Latin and Physics. Expressing it in his own way, he would probably say, "As a matter of fact, when I came to teach the rest of the faculty took a vacation."

In the classroom Father Meinrad was truly in his domain. And his enthusiasm for learning was communicated to his students, for they worked for him as if it were a personal insult to him not to be prepared when called on. His quick wit and sense of humor made every class a new adventure. Above all, his expression of good will pervaded the classroom in which he taught like rich, warm, golden sunlight.

We of the MEASURE staff are especially indebted to Father Meinrad for the high standards of writing he set while director of the *Collegian*, the predecessor to MEASURE. It is our hope that we may continue to carry on the type of work that Father Meinrad would have expected. May God rest his noble soul!

# Book Reviews

*Reveille In Washington*, by Margaret Leech, New York, Harper and Brothers, 1941, 419 pp.

ROBERT W. SCHULTHEIS

In the summer of 1861, following the secession of the South, the Union states looked forward to overwhelming the enemy in one decisive engagement. Instead, they faced a bitter struggle that has left a bloody trail through four long years of American history.

Margaret Leech's *Reveille In Washington* is a deft reconstruction of the capitol scene during the days of those turbulent years. It is a grim account for grimness is a necessity in the narration of that period in the reeking, unsanitary capitol where amputation was a medical by-word and mass burial the order of the day.

Although an imposing parade of famous American historical characters, including statesmen, demagogues, traitors, patriots, sinners and saints of all kinds would answer a roll call of Washington during the Civil War crisis, Miss Leech makes no attempt to condemn or eulogize any man. She examines each under the microscope of historical truth, allowing fact and fact alone to pigeon-hole each character properly. It is interesting to note that without benefit of glorification or sentimentality, an ungainly western lawyer, Abe Lincoln by name, towers above his contemporaries. The reader inevitably comes to the same conclusion as Secretary of War Seward, who wrote this simple admission to his wife, "The President is the best of us."

However, *Reveille In Washington* does not confine itself to the portrayal of noted personages or to the account of troop movements. It is a generous book that touches upon diverse phases of the Civil War life in the capitol, which are too numerous to mention here.

Many of these aspects of the life of the time gain added significance because of their relative value to the present war. The crushing defeat at Bull Run was just as severe a blow to the Washingtonians of that day as the attack on Pearl Harbor was to us. As a matter of fact it constituted a more immediate peril to the Union. It is likewise important to note that the defeat served only to make the Northern states more resolute to win through to final victory.

Miss Leech's poignant style is effective throughout the book, especially those passages dealing with the reactions of the Washingtonians to the war reports and rumors. The apathy of certain groups who looked upon the war as a "military parade of fine uniforms" is touched with irony that smarts and stings.

*Reveille In Washington* is a thoroughly satisfying book. It leaves the impression to the reader that he has been treated to an unprejudiced,

reliable account in which no truth has been withheld, no untruth added. Numerous reprinted pictures from newspapers and periodicals of the time, an index and biographical notes add to the usefulness of the book.

*Seventeenth Summer*, by Maureen Daly, Dodd, Mead & Co., Inc., 1942, Vail-Valbalou Press, Inc., Binghamton, N. Y.

CYRIL WENDELN

*Seventeenth Summer* is a novel all in a class of its own. The story, the style, presentation and mood have almost equalled some of our best authors. A few of our great novelists of today have written about the same things and have told the same story in much the same way but there was not quite the freshness and vivid glowing quality that Maureen Daly presents.

One might say it is a book popular by mistake. In all the reviews I have read and after reading the book itself, the one question arises; was Miss Daly conscious of the deep reality in her story? *Queen's Work* gives the best answer to this question. "But only the mature can delight in the real story, the story that Maureen Daly perhaps didn't know was there." Was she conscious of the fact that her book would be good or bad, or even worse, neglected? Writing her story for entrance in the Intercollegiate Contest she was probably aware that the theme was good. But why does she take a subject so near to her personal experiences. It seems highly probable that they are her own experiences or ones similar to those she experienced at seventeen.

Laying the setting of the story in her own home town is quite natural since she would be more familiar with its surroundings than with any other. We can assume this because in her description, of which there is much, we can see a preciseness which comes only from long and keen observation. Her home town is better adapted to the actions of her characters since she is well acquainted with the behavior of the young boys and girls in that town. Just being intimate with the layout of her city she is better able to portray the movements of the characters in their daily lives.

Of course, the characters are the backbone of the story. Around two leading personages, Jack and Angie, centers all the events of the story. Both are well and intimately presented to the reader but even the supporting characters have a lucidity that is unusual. We feel as if we are as well acquainted with these people as Jack and Angie are.

But the book as a whole is not much more than description and narration. Many of the human feelings and reactions, the things natural to all of us, are deftly treated. If there is a plot, we can say it is only the sincere conviction the reader gets at the end that Jack and Angie will continue to love each other and will probably marry some time in the

future. Or perhaps it is the development of the main characters that can be considered the plot. Angie begins the summer dateless, friendless and bashful. At the end of the summer she has a steady boy friend, many chums around town and is not at all afraid to meet boys and girls of her own set. Jack does not develop quite as much. At the beginning of the book he is the most popular boy in the town, being the star basketball player. He has love at first sight when he meets Angie, and this love grows deeper during the summer. So much does it increase that he is reluctant to go away without Angie, fearing that he may lose her love.

Maureen Daly's *Seventeenth Summer* has put another milestone in the coming Catholic Literature in our nation. It is truly Catholic in thought and in principle. "Paganism never claims a paragraph." It is practically the first book of this kind that has gained nationwide attention. There are many stories about young girls and boys, but none treated with a more Catholic viewpoint or with more Catholic background. Yet, most reviewers overlook this fact.

From the mere fact that so many prominent critics have acclaimed the excellence of her work, we can rest assured that she has done well in this first offering. Probably she is the first young Catholic author rating such attention and honor in a first published work. A critic on the *New York Times* says, "If she continues in her present style she will become great. But if she listens to the acclaims of Hollywood, and accepts positions there, she will only make a lot of money and remain in her present stage of development." Even though we may have become prejudiced against her or her book, we are proud that she is a Catholic and has written a work which will reach many homes to influence many people.

*Faith the Root*, by Barbara Fleury, E. P. Dutton Co., New York, 1942, 250 pp.

WILLIAM M. KEOGH

This novel, written in an era when everything is mechanized and God is pushed into the background, brings out in a unique form an aspect of the good and virtuous which is difficult to write into a novel; this is the element of spirituality. This element is carried throughout the book and adds a wealth of beauty to the story.

This, Miss Fleury's first novel, narrates the life of a priest, a pastor of a small parish in the village of Algonquin, Michigan, situated on the banks of the waters leading to Sault Ste Marie (where two of the Great Lakes are connected).

The characters are well portrayed. Father Jerry, the central personage of the story, performs his priestly duties with great care, tending his parishioners as the shepherd tends his sheep. He is very devout and gives much of his time to meditation. Coupled with his devotion and care



of his flock is a spirit of humility which is one of his greatest qualities. In caring for his parish and in giving guidance to the non-Catholics of the village he goes about thinking constantly that his work is of little importance and that, if he should go away, he would never be missed.

All the other characters of the story are true to life and each one has his own qualities, giving a fine distinction to each one. The book is one which will be read and enjoyed by both Catholic and non-Catholic and will be long remembered for the impression it leaves.

The author is a native of Detroit, Michigan, in which city she is a librarian in a public school. Miss Fleury received her education at St. Joseph's Academy, Adrian, Holy Cross High at Marine City, and the Universities of Detroit, Wayne and Michigan.

*Defense Will Not Win the War*, by Lieutenant Colonel Kernan, U. S. Army, Boston, Little, Brown & Co., 1942, 193 pp.

JOHN McCABE

Typical of present day instructive writings is this book by W. F. Kernan, a Lieutenant Colonel in the United States Army. This book represents the attempt of a professional soldier to orientate the American public's opinion in respect to offensive warfare. In the course of the narration the author describes the failures of the conquered European nations and the phlegmatic awakening of the yet unconquered allied governments, to the utter futility of purely defensive warfare. He forcefully expounds the overwhelming advantage of total warfare for victory, warfare which places the initiative always in the hands of the attacker. The writer enumerates the undeniable successes of offensive warfare as evidenced throughout history.

As a rebuttal and death-rendering blow to Hitler and the Axis forces, Lieut. Col. Kernan proposes, with lengthy argumentation, the need and plausibility of a second front, attacking Hitler soon by way of Italy. "America, the sole power left on earth with sufficient strength and resourcefulness to undertake such an offensive, can lead the intended attack with an infinitude of combinations for assailing the Axis."

Although the writer seemingly has developed a rather conclusive answer to an early victory for the Allies, various propositions in his discourse are weak and susceptible to intense opposition. His manner of narration is interesting and coherent but in portions of the book there are numerous repetitions. Nevertheless, in *Defense Will Not Win The War*, Lieut. Col. Kernan has given the public at large an instructive insight into the complexities and tendencies of modern warfare. In this book he has provided an avenue of discussion for the present-day war-infested minds of the American people.

*Dark Symphony*, by Elizabeth Laura Adams, Sheed and Ward, New York, 1942, 196 pp.

JOSEPH M. CONDICH

Whether one is interested in that question still burning today, race discrimination, or whether one is just looking for a good story well told, *Dark Symphony* will prove to be well worth reading.

Miss Adams does more than just tell the story of her life, although she does that well; she has produced a biography of any American Negro. Within the story of her "Quest for Christ" this Negro convert has brought to light the hidden cruelty and injustice of a system which has developed to debase and hold down the Negro from childhood to manhood, from the moment the innocent colored child has flung into its face for the first time the word "nigger" until, perhaps hanging from a tree, lynched for a crime not his own, he meets his Maker. She has revealed some of the smaller, hidden pangs, those pangs which, though they may be small, sear and cut deeply into the negro's sensitive soul.

Elizabeth Adams did not come from the ranks of the uneducated; both her father and mother were persons of refinement and culture. She was brought up well, perhaps better than most middle class white people. She showed talent as an author, poetess and musician. If it had not been for her father's premature death and her mother's ill health, Elizabeth would be a Catholic nun today. Yet, in spite of all her gifts, she was often rebuked in her quest for the truth and in her attempts to find a niche in life proportionate to her talents.

*Dark Symphony*, however, is not a bitter denunciation of the wrong done to the negro. No, all that is left to be read between the lines. Primarily, it is the story of a courageous woman who wouldn't let the prejudice of others bar the way to her goal. It is a fascinating tale told in language so childlike in simplicity and yet possessed of such poetic charm and dignity of thought, that one first pauses to catch the fragrance it exhales and then stops to pluck the flower that is its source.

From the very first page onward one is struck by the beauty and poetic quality of the style. The word painting is so effective that one does not read about the life of Miss Adams but rather relives that life with her. The book is more notable, however, for what she leaves unsaid than what she does tell us. Throughout the entire work the reader is left to deduce a whole series of events and emotions from the simple incidents related. The reader, however, is not just left to deduce for the power of suggestion is such that one cannot escape from his own imagination. *Dark Symphony* scores a three-fold hit: it tells an interesting story in beautiful language and gives a new insight into the problems confronting the American Negro.

# Exchanges

JOHN L. GOETZ

Another fall is here—a much different fall than last year's corresponding season. True, the thousands have again returned to their home campuses, have shaken hands with old acquaintances and heard familiar voices and seen familiar smiles. But all have not come back. There are handshakes and smiles we miss. True, we have again settled down to classes and lectures and labs; but they are accelerated classes and infinitely more serious lectures. We are on a wartime footing. It is almost incredible, when we consider that last fall at this time those few who even thought of war were shouted down in derision. Yet here it is, very real, and very close, and very pressing. With all this, the exchanges still keep coming in.

One of the first things we noticed while leafing through a somewhat imposing collection of these exchanges was the fact that most of the college quarterlies which came to our attention have cut their output to three issues a year, and some of the monthlies have even been converted into semimonthlies or quarterlies. This, of course, is due to the accelerated programs mentioned above. Lack of printing materials may also be a contributing factor to this curtailment.

In most cases, the general theme of the issues which we have examined has shifted from the war to other less serious topics again. This is surely a welcome change after some of the mishandled "Victory Editions" and similar works which made their appearance last winter. The theme was praiseworthy enough, but in many cases was not presented in a convincing manner.

Before it slips our mind, may we offer our sincere condolences to all the young ladies who happened to graduate last spring. From their account of it, it is quite a painful process. For instance, "Four sparkling tears stream courageously in two steady rivulets down the pale cheeks" of some one on the editorial page of Nazareth's *Verity Fair*, while another member of the staff "chokes with grief" as she runs off her column for the last time. We really don't mean to be cold and unemotional about such things, but . . .

There are some journals which always seem to produce a fine issue. Again we name the *Crimson and Gray* from St. Joseph's, Philadelphia, as our first example. After several readings, we still get a laugh from Mr. Barry's *Song of Spring*, Mr. Boehm's article on comic books, and especially Mr. Horstmann's one-act play. The latter seems to have been written for no reason at all about nothing in particular; but unlike more of the same by a certain Mr. Saroyan, it just "has something." Also, there are fine articles on the serious side, such as Mr. Cullinan's study of crime prevention. The *Crimson and Grey* seems to suit all tastes.

Trinity's *Record* is again at its usual high plane; but those Spanish reviews of American books would seem to indicate a large Latin-American reading public (or perhaps some over-zealous Spanish scholars). Likewise, New Rochelle's *Quarterly* gets the nod. We especially liked Miss Bianco's *Ode to Swing* and Miss Lawson's answer to the swing addicts. The latter's methodical dissection of our own noted alumnus, Mr. Gene Krupa, is indeed a classic, as is the question with which she closes her paper: "Who hoo-dooes the hoo-dooers?" That sentence seems to fascinate us for some reason.

We were somewhat surprised to note the much increased amount of advertising matter in this fall's collection of exchanges. Besides the usual several pages of "ads" in the rear of the journals, some have begun to include a few pages at the beginning of the issue. Getting commercial, aren't we?

Finally, we notice that the percentage of journals containing exchange columns has somewhat increased. We are quite pleased to see this increase, for the exchange column provides, we think, one of the best common grounds on which the various college publications may profit by other's friendly criticism of their efforts. Whether or not those who criticise are well qualified critics, or authorities on the subject, would seem to be beside the point. More important is the gain of fresh viewpoints and different outlooks regarding the contents of a publication which is accomplished in the exchange column. We should like to hear what others may have to say on this subject.



# Critical Notes

- PAUL F. SPECKBAUGH, C.P.P.S.

The original thought was to begin this column with a disquisition in general and particular on the inefficiency of Catholic organizations at the present time. The plan was to quote that quite delightful passage from Maynard's *Story of American Catholicism* on this subject of inefficiency and then to make some remarks about the thought of competition in the field of collegiate activities.

But the edge has been taken off this discussion, to a degree, for there is at hand from yesterday's mail a questionnaire on the subject of Catholic Playwriting. This comes from the office of the Midwest region of the National Catholic Theatre Conference. And it is a sign of efficiency and of action.

The idea is, to be sure, excellent and is to be encouraged in every possible way. One effort which might be made to accomplish something real and tangible might be the writers' institute or conference which was mentioned in this column before. Very often Catholic enterprises are filled with magnificent enthusiasm and with little or no result. This is the time, however, when the Conference in this region could achieve a great deal by means of a serious and carefully planned meeting of the writers of the section who are eager to go forward.

The gathering could concern itself with all the practical problems which confront the playwright. Work in progress could be earnestly criticised; plans for the future could be laid in terms of present needs and requirements.

There never has been, so far as I know, a meeting of any Catholic creative writers. The subject of playwriting has always been avoided in former meetings of the Conference. Now is the opportunity for a small, select group to begin work.

\* \* \* \* \*

There is one bright hope which shines out in the present conflict: it is the resurgence of the importance of discipline in the daily life of man. At the moment, our young men are learning this at the hands of commanding officers, in a situation of life and death, as a means to some all-important gain on the field, but we must pray that the values learned in straightened circumstances will carry over into later life.

For, the possession of discipline is a treasure that makes leaders. Do we not all look to the guidance of a man who can do violence to himself in order to meet some given emergency and who can help and teach us to do the same? The leader is the man who can proclaim himself the master of all things, including himself.

\* \* \* \* \*

Catholic literary scholarship has been gasping much too long with

the dying breath of the pure scientific spirit. The ambition to equal the work of the best state universities was fundamentally good; the danger of aping them, it seems, simply could not be avoided.

Now the latest trends, as sent forth in such a book as Norman Foerster's *Literary Scholarship*, suggests numberless possibilities, especially for Catholic scholars. The advance, for example, of literary criticism can mean nothing without some reference to the solid principles of metaphysics and of sound psychology. Creative writing can be helped immensely, if we will, by the discoveries of scholarly investigation; it remains for us to take the lead.

This entire problem deserves closer and longer observation, study, and discussion. Our great Catholic universities have a golden opportunity to speak.

For those who may be interested, either in curiosity or by way of criticism and suggestion, this item is printed:

Fathers Rufus Esser, C.P.P.S., and Raphael Gross, C.P.P.S., of St. Joseph's College are now working on the publication of a history of Catholic English Literature from Chaucer to Chesterton. The work is planned to be a combination anthology and survey. The paramount issue is, of course, *Catholicity* in literature, in its roots, in its development, in its relation with letters as a whole. The work, we earnestly hope, will be complete in its historical background, its treatment of types, its understanding of movements.

Suggestions will be gratefully appreciated.

\* \* \* \* \*

At the risk of being repetitious, I again bring up the subject of collegiate magazine exchange department. I do this because of the vague possibility that this observation may not have been made before.

This: that in the whole world of Catholic college publications there is not a place where we might pool our experiences, where we might rub shoulders, where we might criticise each other freely. This is the fact which makes the exchange department worthwhile. The present practice of simply evaluating one another's writings is, it seems to me, only temporizing, a kind of wedge which will split our trunk of self-sufficiency. Some day, God willing, we shall be able to look to our fellow-students from the East or the West for a friendly reproof or a generous suggestion not as to what we are writing but in regard to what we are doing in the life of the school. This will be nothing more or less than corporate Catholic Action, but when will it be?

Perhaps those who are praying for the same thing will respond.